

EXHIBIT 1

The Honorable J. Paul Oetken
Southern District of New York
500 Pearl St
New York, NY 10007

Dear Judge Oetken,

Your Honor, my name is Daniel Gil Fruman. I shall attempt to be as brief as I can, for brevity is the soul of wit and since the matter at hand is so close to my heart - the sentencing of my father, the last thing I'd want is for you to skim through even a sentence of this letter, as many of my readers do.

Currently I am a first year Philology student at the University of London, I am also a published author and my seventh grade Law Studies class proudly earned Second Place at the 2016 Miami Mock Trial competition. I relate to you this little biography to assure you that I do not know what I am doing - however, out of the few things that I do know, the crown jewel that sits atop upon my heart - is my father's love, care and profound moral integrity.

I started sitting with my dad on our balcony around the end of my Freshman year in High-school. It became somewhat of a tradition. After dinner, when everybody went to sleep, I'd sit next to him, on a cushioned armchair and we'd talk, or listen to music, or simply remain in silence, watching the ocean ripple gently under the moonlit sky, or the construction of the building across the street. We'd do it daily and I developed then an understanding and appreciation for the way he raised me and everything he did for me and my siblings. In the toughest times (especially Freshman and Sophomore year mathematics classes) he'd offer stern but treasured advice that I still live by and that has guided me in this new, independent and uncertain stage of my life. We'd talk about everything and when he was put on house arrest, to me it was almost a blessing, as we got to speak more often.

In my youth, when I didn't speak English, I remember we'd watch movies. He showed me *Star Wars*, *Lord of the Rings*, *Batman*, everything you could imagine. When he was put into house arrest, that childhood tradition returned. One of the best things about returning to Miami from London for winter break, was the opportunity and the anticipation of watching TV shows like *The Mandalorian* or *The Witcher* with him. An opportunity which feels now like something occurring once in a lifetime, seeing as, like rain clouds East of Eden, the date of January 21st, looms ever closer and that opportunity - that feeling of connection, of the enjoyment you get from seeing someone so close to your heart watching something with you, on your suggestion and enjoying it, will soon be quite impossible and once again but a distant memory in the dusty annals of an idyllic childhood.

There is no one I have seen my father meet without a wide, beaming smile on his lips and a look of sincere joy in his eyes, there is no task I have seen him undertake without sincerity and total commitment. He is a man who wears his heart on his sleeve, which is perhaps one of his greatest flaws (a recognizable, Shakespearean flaw, as I'm sure you would agree), which has landed him in the trouble he is in today. He is a deeply caring and trusting man, who was supportive of every risk that I have taken (No matter how stupid it was), who has visited my ailing grandmother every day, ever since she entered assisted living this April. and who has tried and tried and tried to improve his culinary skills, to make every meal we have together seem like a feast (an endeavor in which he has started to succeed with incredible

consistency), in short - he is a man whose heart is so full, he will try to do anything to put that same smile he greets you with on your face.

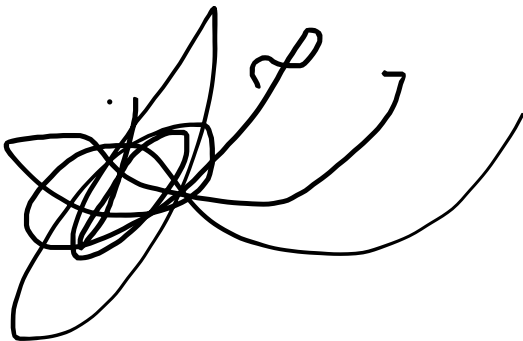
During the pandemic, a time of struggle and isolation, when we needed connection the most, he was there. He brought us together as a family like never before. He also helped me connect more profoundly to my Jewish faith, which grew in us both simultaneously over the course of these recent years. Here again, shone his open mindedness, which lent a clarity and wisdom to his interpretation and understanding of not only faith, but life in general. I would continue to heap praises onto him, but I think you get the point.

Truth be told, I've written poems for princes, girlfriends and coffee shops, but have never written a letter to a judge, so I sincerely hope that you look past my elaborate style and my tendency to presume. In Shakespeare's play, *The Merchant of Venice*, the character of Portia says:

"The quality of mercy is not strain'd, it droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven upon the place beneath. It is twice blest: it blesseth him that gives and him that takes. 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest, it becomes the throned monarch better than his crown. It is an attribute to God himself; and earthly power doth then show likest God's when mercy seasons justice."

And I do not think that I can put anything better than that. I can go on and on, praising my father's virtues and asking for a lighter sentence, but I feel that I have said all that is in my power to say. He has been my support for the past eighteen years and I do not want him to suffer for his ignorance, as an immigrant who put too much trust in poisoned words. I want to thank you, Your Honor, with the utmost earnestness for reading my letter. I understand the heaviness of your profession and I hope that my words could be of some help in your decision.

Best Regards,
-Daniel Gil Fruman

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Daniel Gil Fruman'. The signature is stylized with loops and a long horizontal stroke extending to the right.

12/25/21

Email: [REDACTED]